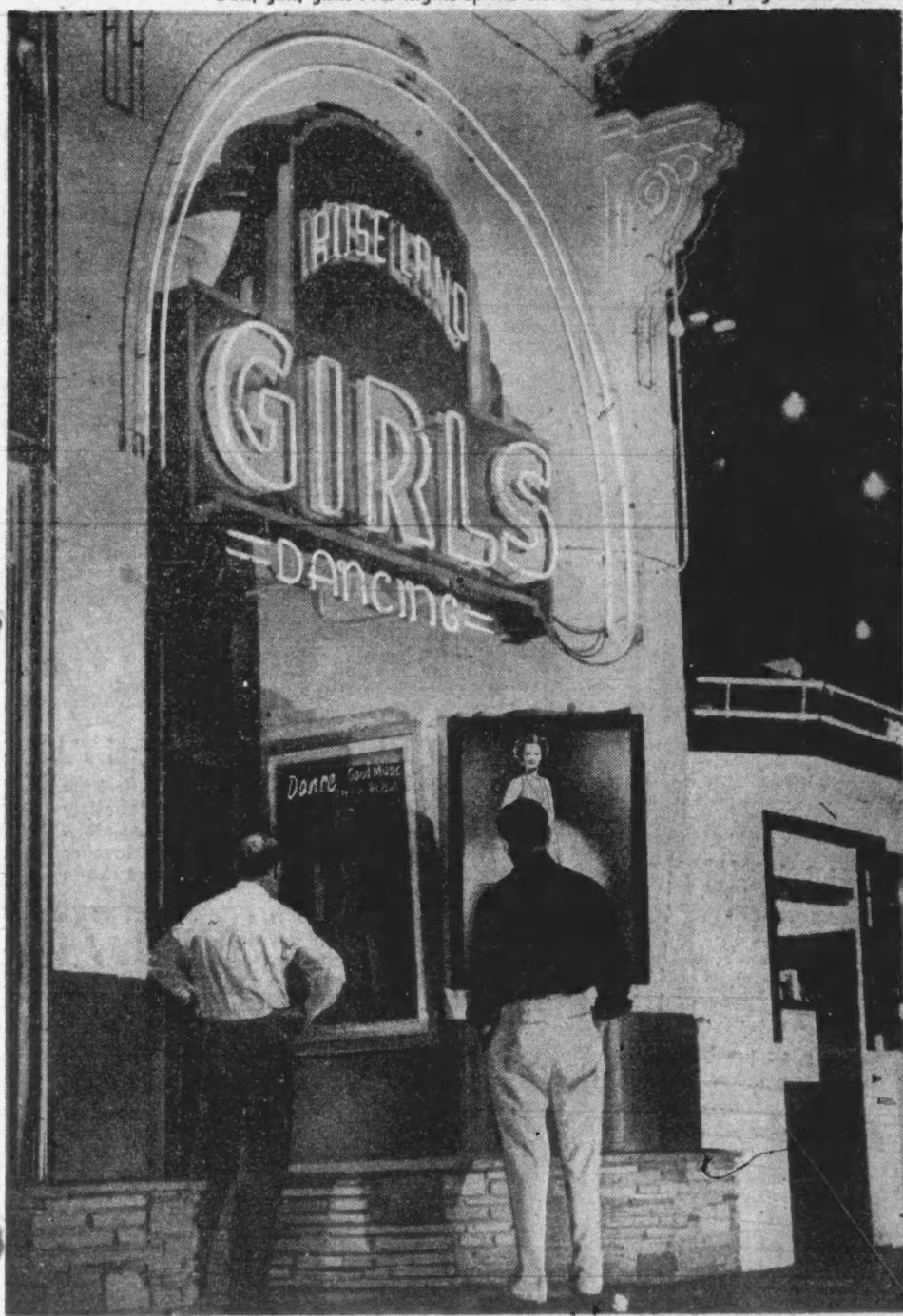




I WAS A TAXI DANCER



"TAXI DANCING . . . SOME GIRLS THINK IT'S A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING . . . BUT IT WON'T KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR"
"Girls, girls, girls. Four flights up the elevator at 833 South Spring street. That was my business address for five days. Whoopee!"



"A TAXI DANCER DOESN'T HAVE TO LIKE MEN TO GET THE JOB UPSTAIRS"
". . . but she sure has to know how to make men think that she likes them . . ."
—Daily News photos by Glib Brush.



"OH, YOU GREAT, BIG, WONDERFUL GIRL!"
This is Helen Brush, who drew the line "at the 38th parallel"

(This is the first in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partner's ear. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Roseland Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered.—Ed. note.)

By HELEN BRUSH
as told to
PAUL WEEKS

Whoah, grandpa, a little less romance, please. Waltz me out of this dark corner, and would you mind holding me with just a little less squeeze? Grandpa, keep that hand of yours on mine and . . . Why, you old goat, I'll break your darned thumb off if you don't stop that!

By gosh, that isn't exactly the way I said it, but you have to give a piece of your mind to some of those fresh guys. And sometimes they don't understand the word "no"—not in 15 different languages.

The thumb business? Yes, grandpa got his bent back just a wee bit, and I guess that's the closest I ever came during the time I was a taxi dancer to having real trouble.

But he was a good boy after that—danced me to the middle of the floor, then dropped me like a hot potato (or maybe I should say a cold tomato) as soon as the music stopped.

The music drooled, "I've Got You Under My Skin . . ."

Peewee, whose nuzzling nose barely hit my shoulder, pressed tightly, as if I were so much bigger he was afraid I'd run out of control. I pulled back quickly. I saw his eyes were closed. That, girls, is the signal.

"Where have you been all my life, kiddo?" he sighed. "Oh, you great, big, wonderful girl." And, then, just when maybe I was beginning to think what a great, big, wonderful girl I really was, he said:

"You know, kid, I'm engaged to marry a girl just like you. See what taste I got?"

Yup, Peewee, now run along. I've got to wash your greasy hair off my neck before the next jerk grabs me—that's what I'd like to say. But taxi dancers don't give good customers the brushoff any more than shoe clerks would.

Unless they're like grandpa, of course. Then you draw the line at the 38th parallel.

"You're cute, too," I winked at Peewee.

Roseland Roof. Girls, girls, girls. Four flights up the elevator at 833 South Spring street. That was my business address for five days. Whoopee. Just a goodtime girl. Maybe some girls think it's a way to make a living—but it's certainly no way to keep the wolf from the door.

"Who do I see about getting a job?" I asked, busting into the place one afternoon and hoping like the dickens the boss wouldn't be alone.

A man who looked a little like an insurance broker with ulcers gazed out from the cashier's cage where he was relaxing, his eyes scanning me like a window shade going down and up and flapping:

"Why, my dear," he said smoothly, "I can't hire you. You aren't 21 years old yet."

(I am really sweet 16—multiplied by two.)

Well, I'd expected a certain amount of the old routine, and here it was. But, being a woman, I guess, I giggled that he was all wet, then confessed I was 25.

"Come around here, would you please?" He gestured to the door of the cage, threw a pillow at his feet for me to sit on.

(Remember the little poem when you were a kid, "Won't you come into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly; "You're the cutest little fly that ever I did spy,"?)

Buzz. Buzz. I went in.

"You look like you were born in August," he said.

"No, guess again," I said.

"But I've already guessed once," he answered, tilting my chin up toward him with his hand.

Well, the guessing games went on for a long time. You see, Bill Graves, Roseland's manager, is a darned good businessman. And all this routine is not a playful little chit-chat but Bill's way to get the little girls to tell the whole truth—or get tripped up telling lies.

Bill's act seems to be a combination of astrology, palmistry, phrenology and that sort of thing—all adding up to psychology.

He lifted one of my earlobes and peeked at my neck under my hair. "You have some hidden wealth in your family and should come into some oil fields or something by the time you're 44," he said.

Oil fields, balderdash. He was looking to see if I were a dainty girl and kept washed behind the ears!

Graves double-questioned me to

(Continued on Page 14, Col. 4)

MONDAY, JULY 17, 1950 . . . 3
DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES—

Diamonds real or fake are preferred fall accessories



THE SUMPTUOUS jewels and rich colors of the renaissance inspire many of the new accessory fashions for fall, as shown here in Coro's necklace and earrings of large baguette emeralds in the intense colorings of the stained-glass window print scarf by Glentex. The scarf is worn with a strapless blouse, a black velvet tube top.



TAHITI BLOSSOMS, full-blown and brilliant, are massed on a lustrous pure-silk satin square by Glentex. It is draped in the lines of the newly important jerkin. Repeating the multi-colors of the scarf is Coro's chunky necklace of real-looking tourmalines. A clip-on bracelet and earrings provide additional notes of color.



This amazing NEW device REDUCES HIPS while you Relax at home!

At last there is an easy way to reduce hips, waist, thighs, abdomen—all parts of the body while you rest. No diet, drugs, heat or vibration. **VOGUE MAGAZINE SAYS:** "Wonderful... whittle away excess inches while you relax." (May, 1950, issue.) Inches disappear when muscles are toned and tightened. **NEW, DIFFERENT, EASY—and DELIGHTFULLY SOOTHING!** Makes muscles and contours firmer and more youthful looking. You really do become firmer, tighter and trimmer. Works wonders on double-chins!

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14...DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES
—MONDAY, JULY 17, 1950

By LEE AVERILL
(Daily News Fashion Editor)
NEW YORK, July 17.—"Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" is the jewelry theme seen again and again in New York fall press showings. By this we mean diamonds "real or fake" are the preferred brilliant highlight in pins on tiny pillbox hats and in jewelry.

Next come all the so-real-looking pseudo emeralds, sapphires and rubies worn in jewelry-styles reminiscent of the '20s as the jewel accent on late day costumes.

We had a chance to see the inspirational source of many of the season's jewelry styles in the Van Cleef and Arpels collection of gem jewelry with "icicle" earrings inspired by the fashions of the Third Republic, which immediately followed Eugene's time.

How far this inspirational source has carried into today's styles needs no better illustration than the copy of Empress Josephine's tiara worn by Carol Channing in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," the Broadway hit viewed by the fashion press, preambled a supper party at the Plaza, where we had a chance to examine the original dazzling diadem made for Josephine in 1805.

The magnificent tiara is fashioned in stylized butterflies, surmounted by flowers and centered with a large pear-shaped diamond totaling some 250 carats of gem diamonds.

This trend to the elegant was seen as well in the showing called appropriately "Fashions of Time" sponsored by the watchmakers of Switzerland, where the daintiest of styles emphasized the fact that no one need be obvious about having "time on their wrist."

One expensive watch for formal evening wear has a precision mechanism so tiny that a match head covers the watch's face!

The "accessory show," highlighting the collection of Coro jewelry and Glentex scarfs for fall pointed up the importance of real-looking jewelry as well as jade, coral, turquoise and amber to accent the season's slim dress styles.

The convertible theme seen in fall coat styles carried over into reversible weesuits in fake furs, with "phony pony" the favorite. These are combined with luxurious velvet.

By the way, if we haven't made it clear before, velvet is one fabric that can't be overlooked for fall any more than wool jersey or Scotch tartans—the fabric trio that shows up everywhere and has so many interpretations in new scarfs. One will find everything this season in the Glentex collection that is needed to signature the slim frock for fall-'50.

There are tiny fill-in scarfs for scoop neckline suits and dresses; long scarfs to tie through the belt a la Fath and Dior; big chiffon squares to give color accent to the evening ensemble.

These are worn dangling from brilliant bracelets worn on the upper arm.

Spanish influences in boleros, cummerbunds and jewelry, renaissance influences in luxurious colors, drape scarfs with Far East designs, all are in the picture.

Many of these scarfs are reversible so that one can add her fashion by-line to her costume in variable ways and in so doing achieve a luxury note at a "penny-for-your-ingenuity price."

Anniversaries

BIT OF SWEDEN restaurant was chosen as the setting for a festive dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Colton recently to observe their 13th wedding anniversary. Ten guests were present. The Coltons have lived in Brentwood for the last 15 years.

IN OBSERVANCE of their 15th wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Dance were hosted at the Encore restaurant by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Weber and Mr. and Mrs. Marty Parsons. Among the guests were Fran White, Char Balding, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hanson, the Irving Lynns, the Brian Taylors, Mr. and Mrs. James McKee and Mr. and Mrs. Jay North.

DR. AND MRS. LEONARD GOLDMAN hosted a champagne dinner party for the Harold Simons of Burbank on their 10th wedding anniversary. The party, featuring a large cake decorated with miniature candy bowling "tenpins," was attended by Dr. and Mrs. Fred Wayne, Larry Kindall, Mr. and Mrs. George Lowe and Fritz Adler.

Daily News

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DERBY TRACK AWAITS 1950 RACES

"D" DAY MINUS TWO finds the Arroyo Seco park racetrack serving as a final proving ground for youngsters entered in the Daily News-Chevrolet Soap Box Derby. Preliminary elimination heats will be held on this course Wednesday and Thursday, with the Los Angeles champion selected after the finals on Saturday. Almost 1000 boys, 11 through 15 years, are officially regis-

tered with their local Chevrolet dealers for the 13th annual classic of amateur sports. The drivers will be competing for a load of swell prizes and trophies and the right to represent the city in the national finals Aug. 13 in Akron, O. Entrants may still officially register for the Derby today and tomorrow at any local Chevrolet dealer.

Helen turns taxi dancer

(Continued from Page 3)

find out what part of town I lived in, where I went to church, how much I'd gone to school, what kind of work I'd done, whether I'd ever been married.

I haven't had my wedding ring off since I married a fellow back in 1939, but I told Graves my husband and I were on the outs and that's why I was looking for a job.

I don't suppose Bill believed half the things I told him, but then he hears a little fiction from all the girls, I guess.

(Mr. Graves, if you happen to see this, I'm the one who admitted I weighed 150, but you said, "That's all right, dearie. You've got it in the right places." Remember me?)

Some guys have soft jobs, and from what little I know about men (brother, I learned a lot of that in a week of taxi-dancing!), I'd say most males are sure they could make an occupational specialty of hiring dance hall "hostesses."

What the heck? Just know what other men want their females to look like, then make sure she's got legs that will stand a lot of shock and abuse.

A taxi dancer doesn't have to like men to get the job—but she sure has to know how to make men THINK she likes them. It's good for business if she can make every customer get the idea she's waited all night for him to ask her to dance.

Now one more thing. About this business of saying "no" to the fresh guys. Do you mean it when you say it? Do you WANT to say it?

Well, of course you do if you're a nice girl who doesn't want every lug who comes down the pike to paw all over you or squeeze you so tight you can't breathe without the artificial respiration he thinks he's giving you.

By golly, you've got to know how to sound like you mean it when you tell those little boys to go play in someone else's backyard.

Wallace says he'd quit as party chief

SOUTH SALEM, N. Y., July 17. (UP)—Former vice president Henry A. Wallace says he will abdicate as leader of the Progressive party if rank and file members overwhelmingly oppose him in blaming Russia for the Korean war.

"Nobody could lead a group that was overwhelmingly in disagreement with his policies," Wallace said yesterday when asked what he would do if the membership rejects his views.

On Saturday, Wallace, who ran for president two years ago on the Progressive ticket, announced he was "on the side of the United States and the UN" in the dispute.

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS—

NOT TEETOTALER, TOTER

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. (UP)—Marion Hendrix was indignant when he was charged in court with drunkenness and possessing whiskey. "I was drinking, judge, but I don't know anything about this possessing," Hendrix said. "I drink it, but I don't tote it."

HAY FEVER

NARAL CATARRH - ASTHMA - COLDS? The formula which is helping to relieve many troubled with the discomforts of Hay Fever, paroxysms of Asthma or a head heavier than lead due to Nasal Catarrh, is Aratone. Try it.

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Two little girls hit by cars, killed

Death of two little girls and two adults today raised the city-county traffic toll for the year to 346.

Connie Sneddon, 7, 1001 South White street, Compton, was hit by a car when she ran into the street in front of the Colin P. Kelly school on Olive street near her home. She was dead on arrival at White Industrial hospital, Compton.

The second child, Margie Norris, 7, 1805 East 102nd street, died in General hospital of injuries suffered when she was hit by a car near her home last March 29.

Mrs. Dorothy Bain, 52, of 1731 Chestnut avenue, Long Beach, died at Seaside hospital from injuries suffered in an auto accident June 20 at Pacific Coast highway and Western avenue.

Owen Walsh, 62, of 3320 Baldwin avenue, was killed instantly when an auto struck him at North Main street and Eastlake avenue.

DRIVER INJURED IN CRASH

CHARGED DRUNK, ARRESTED

One of two persons injured in a head-on collision at Venice boulevard and Barry avenue in West Los Angeles was arrested today on suspicion of drunk driving.

Taken into custody after treatment of minor head cuts was Charles M. Ackerman, 44, film studio worker, 3724 Kelton avenue. His car, police said, rammed an auto driven by George H. Hunt, 33, of 3456 Beethoven street, Venice. Hunt's wife, Ruth, 32, suffered a broken jaw and facial cuts. She was treated at Santa Monica hospital.

—CLASSIFIED ADS TELL—

Army drops plans to shut Stockton depot

WASHINGTON, July 17. (UP)—The office of Rep. Leroy Johnson, R., Calif., said today the Army has "temporarily suspended" its plans for surplus disposal of the Stockton sub-depot of Benicia Arsenal, Calif.

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I WAS A TAXI DANCER

(This is the second in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partner's ear. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Roseland Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered. —Ed. note.)

By HELEN BRUSH
as told to
PAUL WEEKS

Oh, please, big boy, you're wearing out my tires on the curves. Maybe you think you're Fred Astaire Jr., but my back feels as if I'd been doing a rumba with a flatbed truck. That's it. Nice and easy. Be careful. Be careful. I broke that same arm roller skating once when I was a kid.

I'm getting dizzy, Romeo. I'm . . . I'm . . . oh, please, let me keep my feet on the floor. What do you think I am, a freight elevator? Don't drop me. Let me down. Oh, not over your head! I'm coming in for a crash landing!

E-e-e-e-e-ek!

Really, I didn't mean to scream. But it just came. This young fellow had picked me off the dancing line at the Roseland Roof where I was hoofing it as a dancehall hostess. You can't escape running into young fellows like that once in awhile.

He didn't say a word, just came up to me giggling all over to the hot music, grabbed my arm and started racing his motor.

Sometimes, the goey, stuff the boys and girls do in a taxi-dance hall is known as "wrestling" in the language of the hostesses. But that's slow music.

This was a boxing match plus a little weight-lifting. Nothing barred in the clinches, but break clean. May the best man win.

I put up a good fight, mom, but as soon as he began whirling, I got dizzy. I could see I was outnumbered.

I squealed just a little, I guess. And everyone was standing there looking at me all mused up.

Romeo's neatly-set wave wasn't even ruffled. He still hadn't said a word to me. Just stood there and grinned. I was hanging onto his neck for dear life after the acrobatics.

"Say (puff), you're quite a (puff, puff) jitterbug, aren't you?" I managed to gasp. "Aw, just loosen up, kid," he said, as if he were giving me lessons. "You really hang on, don't you?"

I was suddenly conscious of the death hug I had on him and stood back. Why, I felt old enough right then to be his grandmother.

Bill Graves, the manager, had told me when he hired me that I could expect all kinds.

I remember sitting there on a cushion in the box office while he gave me the rundown.

"The rules of the hall are no



ROSELAND'S GIRLS CANNOT SOLICIT DANCES
They just line up and wait to be asked

drinking on the premises," he said. "Only soft drinks are served there at the fountain."

"The girls line up across the floor and wait to be asked to dance. They are not allowed to ask the men for dances. And if you're good, when you get a little experience at this sort of thing you'll make up to \$75 a week."

He watched my reaction to everything he said. "If a man wants you to join him for a coke, you have to get a ticket for every minute you're with him. Otherwise, you're wasting your time and ours. Don't stay if he refuses; just get up and go back in line."

"Of course, the girls with more experience know the good spenders and do all right, but you won't have any trouble. Don't feel bad if you aren't popular at first. The girls have to get known."

"We have a dance a minute. This isn't a cheap place. It costs a man \$7 or more an hour to dance here."

Mr. Graves then took me upstairs to see the dressing room and wardrobe. He probably really got a kick out of how wary I was of everything he did. But he didn't make a single pass.

"You got an evening dress, baby?"

Yup. "Well, you can borrow some from the company for a little variety, but you have to pay to get them cleaned and pressed."

He opened a wardrobe. There were the uniforms of the trade. They didn't exactly look like the sort of thing you'd wear to the opera. Nothing silky or flimsy about these. They were meant for work.

I guess I sort of gasped. Bill Graves changed the subject, began telling me about his wife and his three children (the youngest, he said, was 32).

"Everyone in the family but the baby has red hair," he smiled. Well, he got to worrying then about how I was going to get home nights (like a father would worry about his daughter) and then offered to take me home the first night until I could get a ride-sharing agreement with some of the girls.

No thanks, Mr. Graves. But he didn't give up easily on the fatherly pitch.

"Now, another thing, tootsie," said Bill, "the girls here aren't allowed to date the customers after hours. Understand?"

Don't draw me any pictures, daddy.

"... And if a man tells you while he's holding you close that you're the one he's been waiting for, why, fokey. FOKEY. Five out of six of them will tell you that."

"... And if they get desperate and tell you they just MUST see you after hours, tell them this:"

He gave out with a long, ugly raspberry right out of the left-field bleachers. So Little Red Riding Hood gaily tucked her little purse under her arm, waved good-by to papa, and started off through the woods to the Police department to let them make sure she wasn't Brenda Allen without the dark glasses.

Every would-be taxi dancer goes through this routine with the cops:

Get your picture taken at 316 South Main street. Take three mug shots to the dance hall detail (that's what they call it) in the Police department, Room 55, City Hall.

They made three sets of fingerprints, one for Washington, one for Sacramento, one for the city police—"for your own protection," said the sergeant.

I took my pink slip of clearance and my social security card back to the Roseland Roof—which isn't exactly a roof garden but a tinselled little dance floor on the fourth floor of a building at 833 South Spring street.

Bring on the men!

(More tomorrow)



TAXI DANCERS MUST GET FINGERPRINTED AND MUGGED
Officer Bob Humphrey rolls Helen's pinkies on the black stuff

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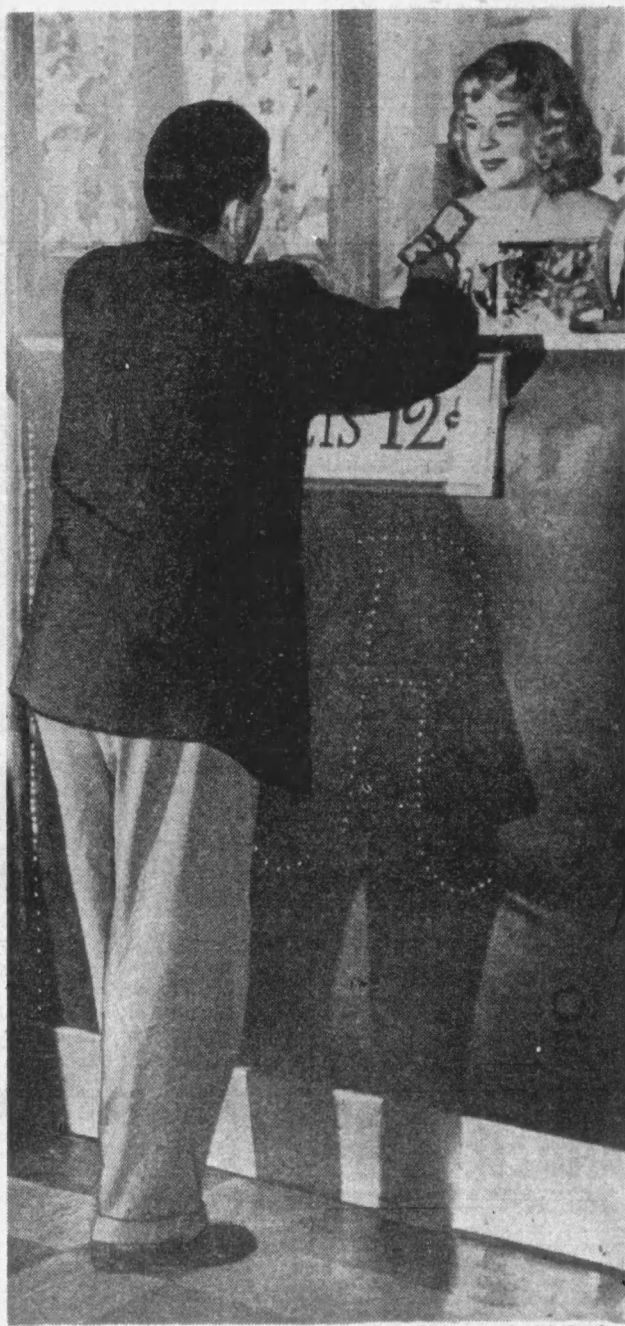
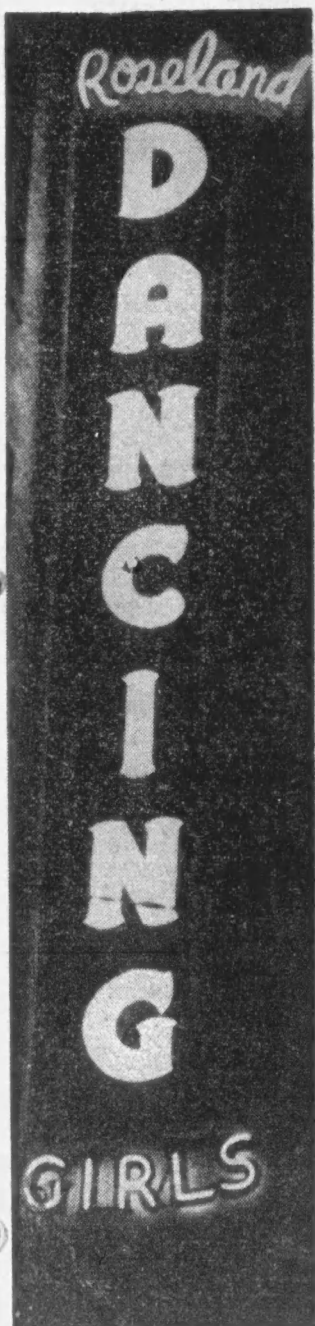


"YOU GOT AN EVENING DRESS, BABY?"
Bill Graves helps one of his girls pick out a formal

I WAS A TAXI DANCER



GIRLS REPAIR THE PAINT BEFORE GOING BACK TO SWEATY HANDS, WHISKER STUBBLE
One of them doesn't work Mondays; she's too tired from doing the wash



—Daily News photos by Gib Brush.

FOR 12 CENTS, YOU CAN HOLD A GIRL FOR A MINUTE

After the boys look over the line, there's a box office rush



EVERY MAN WHO GOES UP TO THE ROOF GETS A QUICK ONCE-OVER AT ELEVATOR
Harry Mundorff keeps a sharp eye for the sonny boys and the stew bums

(This is the third in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partner's ear. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Roseland Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered. —Ed. note.)

By HELEN BRUSH
as told to
PAUL WEEKS

For pete's sake, boss, go throw your coat around Charmie. Honest, she's standing there in her birthday suit. Not a stitch. Not a stitch! As nude as the day . . .

Look at her toss her head back in the light and let that mirror reflection dance across her face. Are there really women like that? Arches her back, throws out her chest—smiling like Ava Gardner. The wolves don't believe it. They're standing there with their eyes on fire—like little boys after the bakery truck went around the corner too fast and dumped all the goodies right there in front of them.

Look out! She'll be mobbed. There they go!

But Charmie stood there in all her glory, untouched. The rush was to the boxoffice where the jerks buy their tickets in a taxi dance palace at 12 cents a dance. And a dance lasts exactly one minute. Maybe a verse and two choruses.

And Charmie wasn't indecent at all—by the rulebook. She was just wearing flesh-colored bra and shorts. And big-bowed satin pink garters. And high heels. The dim lights helped the illusion.

It was Cotton Night on the Roseland Roof. Masquerade, you know, without the masks.

Mayme and Evie were sitting before the mirrors in the dressing room, repairing the paint before dashing down into the whisker stubble and the sweaty hands again.

"I don't know," said Evie, her mouth full of bobby pins, "what I'm going to do with my little boy. He's such a smart little kid. I wish we could move out of the neighborhood, those brats next door are such toughies."

Mayme was holding her mouth open, teeth clenched to make sure her dentures were clean and had no lipstick on them. "Well, why don't you move?" she said finally.

"Oh, cripes, on what a girl makes around here? It's a stinky neighborhood, but until Bill gets a job, we're stuck."

"Well, dearie, you're lucky you don't have three of them. I'm so damned tired after doing the wash on Mondays, I always have to take the night off. I'm just dragging."

The only public entrance to the Roseland Roof is by the elevator, which carries you up four stories to the ballroom.

The elevator operator is more than that. He's been on the job for

(Continued on Page 43, Col. 1)

Summer Sleeping COMFORT



The patented underarm pleat that banishes all binding and bunching—and lets a man sleep!



Five size adjustments assure a perfect, permanent fit at the waist—without any binding!



Patented construction of the seat eliminates the old-fashioned, crotch-cutting center seam.



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DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES—WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1950 . . . 3

I Was a Taxi Dancer for a week

(Continued from Page 3)

Every man who goes up to the roof gets a quick once-over from Harry Mundorff. Harry knows men.

If they're sonny-boys who ought to be home in bed after the curfew, he sends them on their way as nicely as he can. If they're stew-bums full of liquor, he can handle them, too.

"I see you made the grade," Harry said to me with a smile.

My first night, I had on my flame-red crepe gown with choker collar, gold sequin waist and wedgie sandals. Take a deep breath, old girl, and open the door.

The formalities were simple. Sign your name on that line. You're No. 17 of about 50 girls on the job.

"Keep track of your dances and collect at least every 10 minutes," said the boss. "Keep your tickets. You get 5 cents out of every 12-cent ticket. Remind your customer when his time is up."

The quickest way to get wet is to jump off the deep end into the cold water. OK, boys, here comes mother's little girl.

"Let's dance."

That's what he said. Funny. That's what boys always have said to me when they asked to dance. It's no different here. Even when you feel like a sack of sugar, bought on the open market. A commodity.

My first customer. Oh, I'd say about 37. Outdoor face. Red hair. Probably a Texas cowboy seeing the sights in town.

"My name is Helen," I said.

"Mine's Verne."

He was about as talkative as a Texas longhorn steer.

"Why'd you pick me out to dance with?"

"Oh, guess I like gals in red dresses."

"What do you do, Verne?"

"Electrician out at the studios."

Well, if the guy didn't want to talk, OK. We danced 10 minutes. He thanked me and walked away.

But I saw more of Verne every night after that. Perfect gentleman.

I think he fell in love with me. Holy smokes!

(More tomorrow)

—CLASSIFIED ADS TELL—

Presidents Andrew Jackson and John Tyler each had four secretaries of state. Jackson's top cabinet members were spread through eight years, Tyler's through four.

Curtiss-Wright strike voted

COLUMBUS, O., July 19.—(UPI)—A strike threat hung over the sprawling Curtiss-Wright plant here today where B-29s are being overhauled for the Air Force.

Employees at the plant here voted almost unanimously in favor of a strike to force wage increases and other benefits patterned after the "GM-Ford-Chrysler package" plan, a union official said.

Willard Dobbs, chairman of the union negotiating committee, said the vote, taken last night, will not mean an immediate walkout. First Curtiss-Wright local 927 of the United Auto Workers, CIO, must obtain permission from Union President Walter P. Reuther to strike.

Secretaries of state who later became president include Jefferson, Van Buren, and Buchanan.

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DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES—WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1950...43



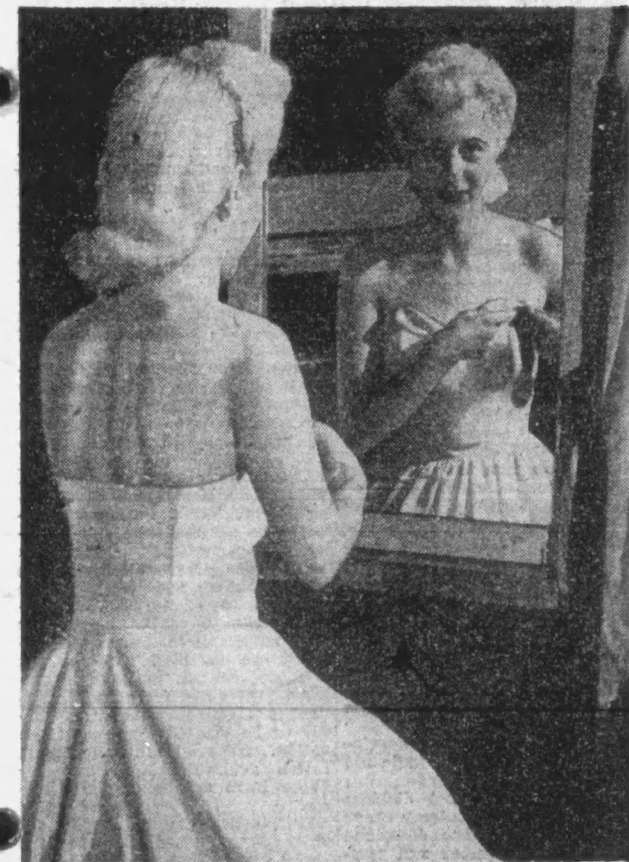
I WAS A TAXI DANCER



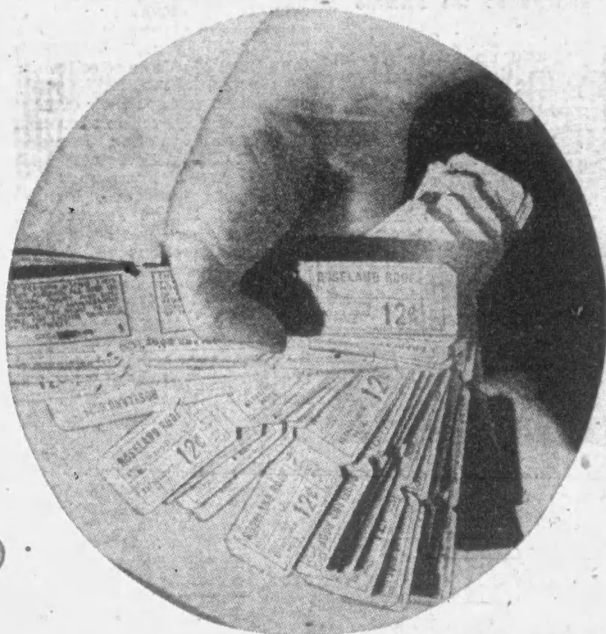
THIS THUMB-BENDING TECHNIQUE TAKES CARE OF WOLVES WITH BULLDOG-GRIP
Katie, taxi dance veteran, gave Helen Brush a dressing room clinic on this



GIRLS LIKE TO SIT OUT DANCES BECAUSE THEY GET PAID JUST THE SAME
Taxi dancers often get advice from the wolves to "watch out for the wolves"



DANCER DASHES TO DRESSING ROOM FOR ADJUSTMENTS
Pin-up girl of Roseland Roof hostess line pins up



—Daily News photos by Glib Brush.
"MANAGEMENT RESERVES RIGHT TO REVOKE THIS . . ."
The 12-cent ticket is license to dance with one girl one minute

By HELEN BRUSH
as told to
PAUL WEEKS

(This is the fourth in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partner's ear. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Roseland Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered. —Ed. note.)

Big Hilda had been nipping at a bottle stashed in her locker. "Did I sock that guy? Why that —, thinkin' he could do that to a girl just because he bought a few tickets. "The night before you came to work, honey. He grabbed me like he thought he owned the body, the dumb —. Started telling me how beautiful I was, and I could see it all coming. There we were, heading for the corner. "I say let the girls that want to be corner girls be corner girls. Not for me. His hands started to roam. I got hold of them and put them back. "He wasn't the kind that would take 'no' for an answer. So I pushed back and let him have it with my fist. Right on the —, kisser flat. I really floored him. "Why, these stupid —, thinking a girl could go for them. I wouldn't be seen dead with them on any street. "What icks!" The boss better not know you've been drinking, Hilda. Jo Anne motioned her head toward the blond with the sagging front. "You'll want to meet Harriet. She's been married seven times. The boss expects her back looking for another husband every year and a half. He frowns on it, you know, because it takes customers away from the business."

I was beginning to get a little confidence in myself by the second night I reported to the Roseland Roof at 833 South Spring street to join the line as a taxi dancer. Maybe a little too much confidence.

Oh, a couple of guys had gotten cuddly, and one had even danced me over to the dark corner. But Bill Graves, the manager, had warned me there'd be guys like this.

I'd lean away from the fresh ones until my back ached from arching it. I'd take the lead right from them, if I could, when they started for the corner. And if I couldn't do it gently, I'd let them know what was what.

Kate and Bertha were old-timers who did all right without giving the customers any added attractions or double features.

(By an "old-timer" I mean a taxi dancer for more than a year.

(Continued on Page 56, Col. 2)

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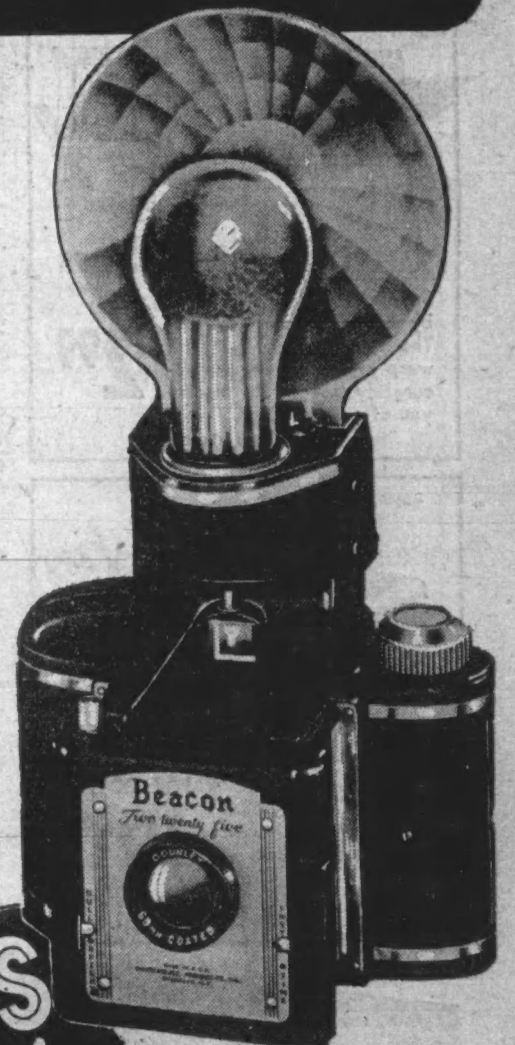
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Says Batwin 'brains' in gem robbery

Paul A. Batwin, 26, a manufacturing jeweler, today was accused by one of his alleged accomplices of master-minding a \$49,000 Beverly Hills jewel robbery.

Batwin, on trial in Santa Monica Superior court on robbery charges, heard Daniel J. Apple, 30, testify that he and Batwin visited a jewelry store at 322 North Rodeo drive several days before it was held up last March 31 by Claude W. Wilson and James M. Pratt.

"We planned the robbery and I drove the get-away car," said Apple. "Batwin helped us divide the loot."

Judge Orlando H. Rhodes advised the jury to regard Apple's testimony with reserve.

Wilson, who pleaded guilty, is now awaiting sentence. Pratt is still being sought by police.

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS—

Dancer dies of heart attack

Phillip H. Thorne, 62, 11307 Larch avenue, Hawthorne, was dead today of a heart attack suffered while he was square dancing at the Inglewood High school.

His wife said Thorne complained of being tired and went to the sidelines to sit down. A few moments later he toppled from his chair dead.



(ADVERTISEMENT)

I Was a Taxi Dancer for a week

(Continued from Page 3)

Most of the girls last just a few weeks. The turnover is terrific. But, as the elevator man, Harry Mundorf, used to say, "That's good for business, too."

"You don't have to be a corner girl unless you want to," Kate said. "You can build up a clientele of steady customers, anyway. But get this, kiddo, you're in for trouble if they see you dancing in the corner with someone when they know that you don't allow them to do it."

Then we had a little clinic right there in the dressing room on how to handle the wolf with the bulldog grip. It reminded me of my old days in Red Cross life-saving classes when they showed you how to break the hold of a drowning person.

"When their hands get to traveling, just grab a thumb like this," said Katie, demonstrating on me all too effectively, "and bend it back."

You can also use your knee, Bertha explained. But I won't go into that here.

I had trouble with only one of them the second night, and I remembered what the girls had told me.

The trouble was with my husband.

The silly fool, I told him to stay away from Roseland while I was getting the material for this story, because I was afraid he'd rush up and take a sock at some wolf I might be dancing with.

That would give it all away. Everybody—the girls, the boss, the customers—thought I was a switchboard operator currently between switchboards.

But there was this husband of mine, asking me like an innocent, tousled-haired boob just in from Hayseed Junction, for a dance. We glided away.

He put his lips to my ear, crushed me against him, and said,

"Feel this." I knew immediately what it was. He had concealed a miniature camera under his necktie to steal some candid shots.

But his foolish way of telling me about it just about made me blow my top.

Holy cow. Think of the customers whose eyes I could feel burning into me as this partner gave me a squeeze. They'd think I only did this with certain customers.

Honest, I was mad at him. I shoved him back on his heels.

"Look, mister, you do that again and I'll get out and walk." He was kind of hurt and surprised.

Verne was the first customer I even had. Remember the strong, silent, studio electrician I told you about earlier?

"Who was that guy?" said Verne after my husband returned me to the line. I hadn't noticed that Verne had come up for the second night in a row.

"Some jerk," I said.

The strong, silent man's silence returned. Honest, I think he was brooding. He held me tight while we danced five dances, then suggested we sit a few out.

A taxi dancer appreciates this, because she still collects a ticket a minute the same as if she were hoofing it.

The silent man began to talk. He was a bachelor. Made \$500 a month. Had a Hollywood apartment. Thought "most women" were chiselers. Said I should watch out for the wolves. Said I should never fear he'd get fresh "because I wouldn't of come back to dance with you if I knew you were a corner girl."

I noticed Verne had slicked up in his Sunday best the second night.

For a time that added up to \$2.40 worth of tickets. Verne sounded like a man working up to a proposal of marriage. But he never got there.

"Sometime I'd like you to come

out to my house and see my dog," he said.

And then he went home to go to bed because electricians have to get up early.

Mmmm. Let's see. My cut out of \$2.40 worth of tickets is an even dollar.

The tinsel never fades. The silver, the blue, the red hang from the ceiling like a year-around New Year's Eve party, a party from which they forgot to take down the decorations.

Two colored spotlights play on a mirrored ball that turns in the slight air movement and speckles the floor with tiny light beams. Fluorescent tubes of light trail across the ceiling above the line, trying to daub glamor onto tired faces and figures.

The bald-headed geek who comes up every night, sits at a table, drinks coca colas—but never gets up nerve enough to ask a girl to dance—droops his chin over his big chest and clasps his hands over his round tummy. He's sound asleep.

(More tomorrow)

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS—

Fire station hit by auto flooded

Firemen in the Lynwood station at Atlantic and Century boulevards got a rude awakening and a damp one today when a car plowed into the side of the building, breaking the lead water main as it did so.

The driver of the car, William Heien, 5213 Clark street, Compton, was not hurt but his car was a mess. The station was flooded.

Heien was given a ticket for driving a car that was mechanically unsafe—to wit, no brakes.

About two-thirds of the timber cut in Japan is burned as fuel, with about half of this amount being first converted into charcoal.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Cat bandit suspect taken on roof

Cat bandit suspect Edward Boyce, 22, a transient, was captured on the roof of a building at Sixth and Maple streets today following an attempted burglary at the Greyhound bus depot.

Clerk Herman B. Reid said he surprised Boyce in the baggage room and gave chase, but the suspect banged the door in his face and took to the upper levels.

Officers shinnied after Boyce and nabbed him, but one of them, Jack R. Nelson, lost his footing on the way down and fell 10 feet onto his head.

Nelson was taken to Georgia Street Receiving hospital with a fractured jaw and possible brain concussion.

Police found a note in Boyce's pocket, which read:

"Stop, look, warning! This is a stickup. Walk into the back. I will follow."

It was believed the suspect had planned a holdup but lost his nerve.

—CHECK CLASSIFIED ADS—

Hunt ex-con in killing on desert

Ex-convict Keith Johnson, prime suspect in the murder of a hard-rock miner near Red Mountain in San Bernardino county, was sought by police of three states today.

The victim, identified only as "Bill," was found with a .32-caliber bullet wound in the head a mile west of Red Mountain, 100 miles north of San Bernardino.

The body was in an oat field, but Sheriff James W. Stocker said the victim, in his late 40s, apparently was slain in a car and dragged into a shallow drainage ditch last night.

Stocker's office broadcast an all-points bulletin to police in California, Arizona and Oregon for the arrest of Johnson, 43, also known as Keith Jackson and Red Jackson.

He was believed to be driving a pale green 1950 Studebaker coupe, thought to be stolen from the victim. Stocker warned that Johnson might be armed with the death gun.

Johnson and the victim were seen together in Red Mountain shortly before the killing, it was reported.

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS—

Boy missing in tornado found unhurt

LIMA, O., July 20.—(UPI)—A 14-year-old boy who disappeared during a touch-and-go tornado last night was found unharmed today but another boy, 12 years old, was reported missing after the terrific winds injured 38 other persons.

Stewart Campbell was found unhurt in a house that was believed to have been evacuated, police said. He and the other boy, Jerry Ralston, had been driving their ice-cream carts in the hardest-hit area just before the storm blasted through two counties, cutting a wide swath of destruction.

Police found the Ralston boy's car crushed under flying debris, but there was no trace of him.

The tornado struck twice. It first blasted this area in Allen county and then hit adjoining Van Wert county to the west, destroying the Bethel Methodist church in Liberty township and demolishing many barns and other farm buildings. No injuries were reported but losses were high among livestock.

—CHECK CLASSIFIED ADS—

Youth found after 7 days in desert sun

Frank Russell Jr., 19, was recovering today from being lost in the scorching desert for seven days during a hunt for gold.

The youth, sun-blind and barefooted, was found in the wastelands northeast of Needles by a pipeline crew. He was taken to San Bernardino County hospital.

Russell said he arrived at Needles from his home in Sylva, Ohio, eight days ago and set out immediately on foot, suitcase in hand, on the hunt for gold.

Stricken with sun-blindness, he lost his sense of direction and wandered helplessly. He lost his shoes and suitcase, and kept from dying of thirst by sucking the juice of cactus.

Son of an Ohio minister, Russell attributed his rescue to divine aid. "I came to California to find gold," he said. "But I found God instead."

—CHECK CLASSIFIED ADS—

When you think of repairs for your car or home, think of the Daily News Classified-Want Ad section. That's where you'll find services and supplies at real savings.

Deaths, Funeral Announcements

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OYE—Marie Rose Pierce Brothers Beverly Hills, Direct's.
DAVIDSON—Helen Pierce Brothers Beverly Hills, Direct's.
DUTTON—Tacy J. Pierce Brothers Inglewood, Directors.
EMERSON—Joanette Pierce Brothers Los Angeles, Directors.
HASKELL—Maria Pierce Brothers Santa Monica, Direct's.
HATHWAY—Dora Pierce Brothers Santa Monica, Direct's.
HULL—Mary L. Pierce Brothers Los Angeles, Directors.
McDONALD—Morrell A. Pierce Brothers Valley, Directors.
McDONNELL—Joseph T. Pierce Brothers Los Angeles, Directors.
METTLER—Frank Curtis Pierce Brothers Crenshaw, Directors.
MESSINGER—Herman G. Pierce Brothers Los Angeles, Directors.
McMILLAN—John Thomas Pierce Brothers Inglewood, Directors.
OYLE—Annie E. W. A. Brown Funeral Home, Directors.
RECORD—William E. Pierce Brothers Beverly Hills, Direct's.
ROSEH—Maybelle Grace Thiel Pierce Brothers Los Angeles, Directors.
SHARANITARO—Alexander Pierce Brothers Inglewood, Directors.
STUBER—George Raymond Pierce Brothers Crenshaw, Directors.
TYLER—F. J. Correll Pierce Brothers Valley, Directors.
UMBRIA—Ron J. Pierce Brothers Los Angeles, Directors.
WHEELER—Maria M. Pierce Brothers Valley, Directors.
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WEBB—George T. Pierce Brothers Los Angeles, Directors.
WOODWARD—LeRoy Pierce Brothers Santa Monica, Direct's.

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ALEXANDER F. HANSEN
Private services for Alexander F. Hansen, 70, an English teacher in Manual Arts High school until his retirement in 1945, were held today in Pierce Brothers chapel, 720 West Washington boulevard, followed by services and interment in Waupaca, Wis., where he was born. He came to Los Angeles 35 years ago and taught in the public schools for 30 years. He died Monday in the White Memorial hospital and is survived by a niece, Mrs. Gene Martin.

VICTOR THONANDER
Services for Victor Thonander, 58, food products dealer, will be held tomorrow at 2 p. m. in W. A. Brown & Son Funeral Home with interment in Inglewood cemetery. Mr. Thonander was born in Illinois and died Sunday at his home, 1088 Browning boulevard. Surviving is his widow, Rose.

P. E. SNIDER
Funeral services for Percy Elwood Snider, 47, superintendent of Division No. 2, L. A. Transit Lines, were held today at 2 p. m. at Reed Bros., Tapley & Geiger mortuary, with interment at Inglewood Park cemetery. Mr. Snider died suddenly of a heart attack Sunday in San Diego. Born in St. John, New Brunswick, he was a Los Angeles resident most of his life, and had been with the transit firm since 1933. He leaves his wife, Mamie D., of the family home, 5407 Rutledge street; a daughter, Jane Ann; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Snider, and a sister, Mrs. Gladys Pontious.

ALONZO H. STUDEBAKER
Services for Alonzo H. Studebaker, 87, retired painting contractor, were held today at 2 p. m. in Pierce Brothers Little Church Around the Corner with interment in Inglewood cemetery. A native of Indiana, he came to Los Angeles 40 years ago and lived at 234 West 88th place. He died on Tuesday and is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Ivie Seem.

FRANK C. METTLER
Masonic services for Frank C. Mettler, 63, accountant, were conducted by Eagle Rock Lodge No. 422, F.&A.M., today at 10 a. m. in Pierce Brothers Crenshaw chapel, followed by interment in Inglewood cemetery. Mr. Mettler was born in Omaha, Neb., and came to Los Angeles 51 years ago. He lived at 462 Victoria avenue and died Monday in Centinela hospital. Surviving are his widow, Clara; a daughter, Mrs. Kathleen Anderson; a son, Earl Mettler; and four grandchildren.

JOSEPH N. CARDIEL
Requiem mass for Joseph N. Cardiel, 53, diesel engineer, was celebrated today at 9 a. m. in Our Lady of the Rosary of Talpa Catholic church with Pierce Brothers in charge of arrangements. A native of San Antonio, Tex., he lived at 3046 1/2 East Eagle street and died on Tuesday. He is survived by his widow, Celia. Interment followed in Calvary cemetery.

GEORGE P. WEBB
Funeral services for George P. Webb, 73, cattle rancher, were conducted by Pierce Brothers today at 2 p. m. in the Chapel of the Chimes with interment in Inglewood cemetery. Born in Utah, he came to Los Angeles 25 years ago and lived at 1557 South Ridgeley drive. He died on Monday and leaves a sister, Mrs. Gilberta Robins, and a brother, Blythe Hawley.

DIABETES — SKIN DISEASE — ASTHMA Cause of Old Age — Why People Get Sick

AMAZING TESTIMONIALS — MANY DIAGNOSED AS INCURABLE

DR. KOCH, M.D., RECOGNIZED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CANCER SPECIALISTS, ENDORSES THIS METHOD BY SAYING: "IT IS LIKELY THAT ANYONE WHO WOULD FOLLOW SUCH A SYSTEM FAITHFULLY WOULD NOT TAKE SICK WITH ANY DISEASE THAT ARISES IN THE INTESTINAL TRACT."

Dr. Kellogg, M.D., of Battle Creek Sanitarium fame says, "That these measures are successful has been demonstrated by the experience of the Battle Creek Sanitarium where they have been systematically employed in the treatment of more than One Hundred Thousand Invalids."

Daniel C. Munro, M.D., says: "If I were to write the story of all the cases in which my method seemed to lift the patient from the very jaws of death, it would fill volumes."

Prof. Ehret says: "This system is not a remedy, it is a regeneration, a thorough housecleaning, the acquisition of such clean and perfect health such as you never knew before"

Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., of national fame, advocate of this method, says: "With me it has passed beyond the theoretic stage, for I have in my office fully 15,000 letters from grateful patients who have used this process under my directions with the most astounding results, scarcely a disease known to humanity but has been relieved, and in ninety-five per cent of the cases, cures effected, while tens of thousands of gratifying messages have reached me from time to time; nor is the testimony in its favor confined to the laity, for hundreds of physicians (including some of the most prominent authorities) testify to the wonderful beneficial results achieved by its use."

DIABETES: INSULIN IS NOT THE ONLY MEANS BY WHICH A CURE CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED: "This disease is present only with those patients who are so enervated that their metabolism becomes faulty, that is, their cells are literally dying faster than they are being built up. It is not essentially a kidney disease, but one evidence of the disorder is the elimination by the urine of large quantities of sugar. The patient generally voids a large quantity of urine during the 24 hours, and has to urinate frequently. In every case the sugar in the urine is caused by the liver's inability to take care of the sugar and starch assimilated."

From this point of view you will see that the kidneys are really saving the life of the patient by throwing out the waste sugar which the body can not use, because the liver cannot do the extra work it has been called upon to do. Often the appetite will be enormous, and the trouble is more liable to occur in those

people with a tendency to obesity. The saliva is usually scanty, and often sores will form in the mouth. There will be a strong thirst, and the patient will want to drink large quantities of water. The breath has a peculiar smell similar to ether, caused by the acetone which is being eliminated by the breath. Men are more susceptible to the disease than women.

"Anything which produces enervation and makes the body lose its resistance to disease may have an effect in producing diabetes—mental shocks, nervous strains, overwork, worry, anxiety, all have a tendency to favor the development of the affliction. Auto-intoxication is always present, and the cure of this condition of self-poisoning is always necessary before the diabetes itself can be tackled. A tendency to derangement of pancreas and liver always exists, with functional impairment of the liver and clogging up of the bile in the gall bladder."

A DIABETIC CANNOT COMPROMISE, REGARDLESS OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

SKIN DISORDER: "ECZEMA." This disease is due to irritants in the fluids of the body which seek an outlet through the skin and mucous membranes. Eczema is characterized by extreme itching, making it a very discomfiting and irritating disease. The skin is scaly and generally exudes a serum, making an additional danger of easy infection from outside bacteria. I have had many very serious cases of infection starting with eczema which was poisoned by scratching bacteria into the irritated skin, thus setting up a state of acute septicemia.

"PSORIASIS is similar to eczema, but occurs mostly on the skin where hair is growing. White mother of pearl scales form a red base, but there is no severe itching as in eczema. The causes of psoriasis are identically the same as in eczema, and the cure depends upon the same treatment. The hair will come out in patches if this disease is not arrested quickly. Local treatment will get wonderfully quick results, but the disease is never cured until systemic causes are removed."

"ASTHMA, SINUSITIS, BRONCHITIS, HAYFEVER. If much bronchial mucus is present in the lungs the cure will be slower, but nonetheless sure. Advanced cases seem to yield as rapidly as those just beginning, so do not think you are an exception because you have tried everything from climate to vaccines. Probably the reason the old cases respond in this method of treatment as easily as the mild ones is because the patient who has suffered so long will follow a strict regime without deviating a single degree, whereas the patient whose symptoms are just beginning hopes for a remedy which will relieve and allow him to live without regulations. Do

not waste time looking for an easier method: there is no other way.

LIVER, ANEMIA, CIRRHOSIS. Auto-toxemia is very common, and is present in nearly every disease. Often when a complete physical examination will not disclose any organic disease, and where the diagnosing physician is baffled as to the cause of the patient's depression, it will be found that he is simply suffering from the products of perverted metabolism, the poisons thus engendered not being sufficiently eliminated through the usual channels for the purpose.

In my office experience I have had many patients present themselves to me for examination, who had been put through most exhaustive examinations by other doctors who had told them to go home and forget about their troubles; that there was really nothing wrong with them; that they only imagined they were sick, or that they must be nervous. If these patients do not suffer from pain, and I cannot discover any organic disease, I always assume that they are suffering from some form of toxemia, which is in almost every case, produced by poisons manufactured within their own bodies, but which have not been eliminated. The toxins produced in the organism alter the chemistry of the blood and other fluids in which the tissues of the body live.

OLD AGE: Dr. J. H. Kellogg M.D. founder of Battle Creek Sanitarium, world famous authority, says:

"IN THE LAST TWO FEET OF THE COLON is found the seat of the most destructive blockade that has ever opposed human progress."

"Metchnikoff has clearly shown the putrefaction germs are the cause of early degeneracy, premature old age and death. These germs produce most virulent poisons, many of which resemble the venom of snakes, and when present in the feces in large numbers, they are certain proof of the existence of chronic intestinal auto-intoxication, even though the characteristic symptoms of auto-intoxication have not yet appeared. A coated tongue, a sallow complexion, dark circles around the eyes, appearance of brown spots upon the hands or other parts (the so-called liver spots), offensive breath and perspiration, the discharge of foul smelling gases from the bowels, putrid stools, a thin, inelastic parchment-like skin, dullness of mind, inability to concentrate the mind, mental irritability or depression without cause, cold hands and feet, perspiration of the hands and feet, chronic headaches, attacks of migraine or sick headaches—these and a score of other symptoms which might be mentioned are certain

indications of chronic poisoning, prompt attention to which may prevent the development of later more serious conditions, such as hardening of the arteries, Bright's disease, with albumen and casts in the urine, or apoplexy with paralysis. Grave symptoms of auto-intoxication do not appear until after the mechanism of the body through which nature deals with poisons, destroying and eliminating them, has broken down and failed to accomplish its purpose as a result of the overwhelming amount of work which has been thrown upon it. Hence, the appearance of symptoms of auto-intoxication indicates that the body has already become crippled and that the matter must receive serious and immediate attention."

"One bowel movement a day is very marked constipation."

"Normal bowel action is at least three full evacuations daily. Food waste should never be retained more than twenty-five to thirty-six hours at the longest, and the normal period is probably sixteen hours or less."

DR. CHAS. A. TYRRELL, M.D., world's greatest advocate of this method says:

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Prof. Ehret says: **"HOW IT LOOKS IN THE HUMAN COLON:** Experts in autopsy state they have found that from 60 to 70 per cent of the colons examined have foreign matters such as worms and decades-old feces-stones. The inside walls of the over-intestines are encrusted by old, hardened feces and resemble in appearance the inside of a filthy stove-pipe."

"I had fat patients that eliminated from their body as much as 50 to 60 pounds of waste, and 10 to 15 pounds alone from the colon, mainly consisting of foreign matters, especially old, hardened feces. The average so-called 'healthy' man of today carries continually with him since childhood, several pounds of never-eliminated feces. ONE GOOD STOOL A DAY MEANS NOTHING. A fat and sick man is in fact a living cesspool. This system is not a remedy, it is a regeneration, a thorough housecleaning, the acquisition of such clean and perfect health such as you never knew before."

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I WAS A TAXI DANCER



SOME NIGHTS YOU COULD WEAR A SACK AND COULDN'T BEAT OFF THE CUSTOMERS. But there are slow nights, too, and the girls wonder why the jerks just sit and look and look and look...

(This is the fifth in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partner's ear. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Rose-land Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered. —Ed. note.)

By HELEN BRUSH
as told to
PAUL WEEKS

"Oh, baby, let me tell you the news!"
June's eyes are shining like a June bride's. Look. She can't hold that lipstick, she's so shaky. June's a good, clean kid. I wonder why she ever became a taxi dancer? Why, the little thing's busting with happiness. Come on, give, June.
"Oh, baby, let me tell you. Oh, boy! Neddie and I are going to get married, and I'm quitting Friday. Isn't that keen, baby?"
See? I was right about that bride business. You can tell somehow.
"Gee, baby, I gotta make Neddie quit buying any more dances. His money is my money now, too. We don't have much money. I got to tell the others. Hey, Hilda, baby... hey, Anna... let me tell you the news..."
Neddie isn't a customer any more. He's a member of the family.
Oh, baby.

Slow night. Look at the jerks standing over there. Why don't they ask somebody to dance? A gal has to make a living, doesn't she?
But they just look and look and look. One with his hands on his hips as if he were judging heifers at the stock show.
That guy with his arms folded and all slouched against the pillar. You big hick, why don't you quit drooling and start dancing?
I followed Lissa upstairs to the dressing room. I'd seen the tear that dropped on her cheek even though she had that pasty come-on smile on her face for the boys across from the line.
"Go on back to the line, honey, you'll miss some dances," Lissa said, daubing at her eyes.
Lissa didn't want to talk but soon she couldn't help herself.
"I don't know what's the matter. Some nights you could wear a gunny sack to this place and still you couldn't even beat off the customers, you'd have so many. Then other times... I guess you could come stark naked... and nobody asks you."
The six-hour work day (or night, I guess you'd say) was already more than half over. Lissa clutched 27 tickets in her hand. That's \$1.35 for her share, and they take social security and so on from that.
Wallflower complex, heck. Lissa needed the cash.
Five years ago a young guy came dancing. Lissa found business was a pleasure. (Just like June did.) Lissa married him.

Now they have two kids, and Lissa's mother lives with them too.
Her husband was an ex-GI, just graduated from college the other day. He's been trying to find a job so she could quit taxi dancing.
"He tries hard. We just don't know what to do. Some days there isn't even enough food for the kids."
Lissa felt she'd been talking too much. "You've got your own troubles. Why should you hear about mine?"
I offered her some of my tickets, although I'd had a bad night, too. She wouldn't take any. We went back to the line together. We both smiled harder than ever.
Duck! There's one of my old high school teachers. He's retired now. Girls say he's a steady customer. I hope he doesn't see me.
By the time I'd put in a few days as a taxi dancer, I got over being shocked at what I saw. But I never got over a million complexes that suddenly developed. Maybe the show was going over all right, though.
Alvina was a new girl, started a couple of days before I did. She was a sewing machine operator in a garment factory days, a taxi dancer nights.
"Gosh," said Alvina, combing her long, chestnut hair. "I wish I could feel as much at home as you do on that floor. I'm scared

(Continued on Page 16, Col. 5)



MANAGER BILL GRAVES CHECKS THE TAKE IN TICKETS OF ONE OF THE POPULAR GIRLS. Out of every 12-cent dance check, the hostess gets her 5-cent cut

Council adopts vivisection ordinance; issue on ballot

City councilmen had their cake and ate it, too, today by adopting a pro-vivisection ordinance and then asking the citizenry to tell them if they were right or wrong in doing so.
Several members of the council made it clear that they were attempting to fulfill the needs of modern research by releasing impounded dogs and cats, but at the same time avoid the ire of highly excitable animal lovers.
There was quite a show, with one anti-vivisectionist dragged from her feet by fellow anti-vivisectionists who decided she had hogged the public hearing microphone too long.
Taking the tumble to the floor was Mrs. Anna McIlvaine, 8394 Scarboro street, who said she was a member of the United Humane society.
She took up most of the 15 minutes allotted to her side of the cause in telling the council off, labeling the vivisectionist issue "a political football."

Some 250 deeply stirred spectators swarmed into the council chamber and heard the ordinance releasing unwanted pets from the pound for legitimate medical research adopted by a 10-to-5 vote.
Immediately following, the council also adopted another ordinance placing the first ordinance on the Nov. 7 general election ballot.
As councilmen Kenneth Hahn and Harold Harby explained it, the idea was to make animals available for experimentation immediately but give the anti-vivisectionists a chance to register their protests at the polls.
Mutterings, boos, titterings and general unrest pervaded the audience during the three-hour scramble. Council president Harold Henry was forced many times to call for order.
Scientists appearing to plead for release of the animals were booed when they described their work as an effort to save human life, and pointed out that the lack of dogs and cats was seriously hampering their work.
Dr. Thomas J. Haley, chief of the Atomic Energy commission's pathology project at UCLA, testified that "some of our work has been delayed nine months" because of an inadequate supply of experimental animals.
Another atomic researcher, Dr. (Continued on Page 4, Col. 5)

Meat price gets out of bounds

Price of meat in Southern California has zoomed up 22 per cent since January and it may go on to astronomical levels unless controls are put into effect.
This alarming forecast was made today by Philip R. Melnick, executive secretary-manager of the Meat Dealers Association of Southern California, who described the local meat situation as completely out of bounds.
In just the last couple of weeks, beef prices have jumped 7 to 9 cents a pound, with emphasis on the steaks, roasts and chops that are in greatest demand, he said.
Pork prices should be moderate now because there is an ample supply of pigs, but they have been shoved up artificially because of the run on beef, Melnick reported.
He ascribed the situation to two causes: a shortage of cattle produced by profiteering livestock men who sent their breeding stock to market, and panic buying by the consumer public.
Melnick said there now are only about 8,000,000 head of cattle on the range, half as much as normal. Stock which should have been held back to breed was (Continued on Page 49, Col. 3)

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Rites tomorrow for 1920 Games athlete

Funeral services for Richard Louis Treweeke, who competed in the high jump and broad jump for the United States in the 1920 Olympic Games, will be held at 10 a.m. tomorrow at Forest Lawn. Treweeke died yesterday in the Veterans hospital in Sawtelle. His home was at 1218 Alhambra road, Alhambra.

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Set stage for big Soap Box finals tomorrow

(Continued from Page 2)

Clack, 13, 2904 Perkins lane, Redondo Beach, 24.72; Ray Guerra, 14, 1022 Anderson way, San Gabriel, 24.66; Roger Boyvey, 14, 1139 West Central street, Newport Beach, 24.34; Tom McAnany, 14, 11511 Menlo avenue, 24.33.

Don Young, 13, 1418 Dunsmuir avenue, 24.63; Larry Hamilton, 14, 2029 Workman avenue, 24.60; Robert Feltham, 13, 321 North Ivar street, Temple City, 24.62.

Phillip Smith, 15, 11845 Virginia avenue, Compton, 24.35;

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Bob Emmerling, 14, 5508 Buchanan street, 24.22; Gregory Varela, 14, 1507 West Pico boulevard, 24.86; Edward Anderson, 14, 4511 North Figueroa street, no time; Gordon Gerson, 13, 2710 Wabash avenue, 24.73.

Frank Parrish, 13, 4720 Santa Ana street, Bell, 24.46; Danny Saunders, 13, 15923 California street, Paramount, 24.29; Laurence Jones, 15, 2110 Bales street, Compton, 24.66; Pat O'Brien, 14, 647 West 60th street, 24.07.

Kenneth Quirk, 14, 547 West Bennett avenue, Compton, no time; Ronald Moore, 13, 508 Pacific street, El Monte, 24.59; Don Duncan, 13, 15308 Georgia avenue, Paramount, 24.42; Clifford Soden, 14, 7301 East Petrol street, Paramount, 24.93.

Wally Flannigan, 13, 5844 South Lloyd, 13, 24.43; Roybert Ingleswood, 24.78; Tom Artisan, 14, 6101 Lincoln avenue, Hollywood, 24.31; Walt Lam, 15, 12940 Moorpark avenue, North Hollywood, 24.20; Don Harrison, 13, 1721 West 154th street, Gardena, 24.93.

Jim Hewitt, 14, 4524 Eighth avenue, 24; Phil Murray, 13, 15916 South Vermont avenue, 24.39; Mike Rivera, 15, 2346 Gall street, 24.88; Don Rypinski, 14, 84 Club road, Pasadena, 24.66; Lewin Minter, 14, 671 North MacLay street, San Fernando, 24.85.

John J. Knott, 13, 921 North Ridgewood place, 25.76; Jimmy Barnes, 15, 3744 Greenwood avenue, Venice, 24.78; Douglas Rhodes, 13, 2010 Seventh street, San Fernando, 24.75; Kenney Stout, 14, 15808 East Cypress street, Baldwin Park, 25.33; Cliff Wheeler, 14, 15718 Romar avenue, San Fernando, 24.20.

Dean Holt, 14, 625 South Lemon road, Walnut, 24.70; Don Horn, 13, 2637 Longwood avenue, 25.20; Eugene Carl, 15, Route 1, Box 78A, Yorba Linda, 24.58; Joel Habener, 13, 217 East Water street, Anaheim, 24.10; Bob Guerrero, 15, 8722 South Hickory street, 24.66.

Richard Greer, 14, 1359 East Grand street, Pomona, 24.27; Randall Draffon, 14, 2225 Seventh street, La Verne, 25.41; Mike Dohrse, 15, 1139 Justin avenue, Glendale, 24.72; George D. Lorde, 24.89; Donald Bauermeister, 13, 359 East Jefferson street, Pomona, 24.65.

John Lee Scholtens, 15, 8048 El Manor street, Westchester, 24.68; Phillip Stone, 13, 3337 Helms avenue, Culver City, 24.45; David Burrows, 15, 751 E street, Oxnard, 24.49; Joel Crandell, 14, 11231 Cohasset street, Sun Valley, 24.71; Tommy Castle, 13, 8807 Bandera street, 25.43; Tommy Sott, 15, 8814 12th avenue, Inglewood, 24.44.

Nickie Villalobos, 13, 1213 East 88th place, Los Angeles, 24.92; Bill Sheaffer, 15, 11024 Hulme street, Lynwood, 24.43; Danny Garrett,

14, 8233 Wentworth drive, Los Angeles, 24.36.

Raymond Taylor, 14, 687 South Mentor street, Pasadena, 24.66; John Bullock, 14, 615½ West 61st street, Los Angeles, 24.85; Don Dupuy, 15, 6043 Lankershim boulevard, North Hollywood, 24.68.

Lynn Gee, 13, 121 West Indigo avenue, Compton, 24.11; Herman Scholtens III, 14, 8048 El Manor drive, Westchester, 24.90; Mark Clemmons, 13, 1547 East 57th street, Los Angeles, 25.02.

Donald Thornton, 13, 936 Alamosa street, Claremont, 24.76; John Laimore, 15, 609 West 61st street, Los Angeles, 24.72; Wayne Wheelock, 15, 71 East Peacheco street, Bakersfield, 24.29.

Carl Melsheimer, 15, 1832 South Monterey road, Alhambra, 24.73; Pat Bradford, 15, 10543 Victory boulevard, North Hollywood, 24.76; Ross, North Hollywood, 24.73, and Ronald O'Neill, 13, 12200 Emelita street, North Hollywood, 25.05.

The derby demons were taking today off and will come back strong tomorrow to battle each other in the final elimination heats.

Competition will be confined to classes until there is only one left unbeaten in each, and then these two will meet for the main championship.

Leading the list of 56 Class B heat winners into the finals is Edward Compte, 11, whose time of 24.08 seconds for the run was the best recorded by the younger entrants.

I was an L. A. taxi dancer

(Continued from Page 3)

to death, but you're darned good at this business." Can you imagine that? Haw, haw, haw, haw!"

I guess she meant it as a compliment. Every day I've told you that Verne came in again. The big, silent guy. The studio electrician. I guess he began to think he was in love with me, and really I felt sorry for him. He was sincere, I think.

What about those three kids, for instance, who came up wearing their high school letter sweaters (they didn't look old enough to be college men—but maybe they were). It was pretty late for the electrician to be up. But he came in the door, scanned the line, walked immediately to me when he spotted me.

I watched them. For 45 minutes they sat in the back of the place, watching us and giggling and then knocking themselves out laughing at their own conversation.

Kids out on a lark. Wanted to see what a taxi dance place was like. Trying to work up the nerve to dance. Probably daring each other. Or drawing straws. For a couple of dances, he was his usual silent self again.

Then: "Do you believe in love at first sight, Helen?" He was holding me tight and I used the excuse of making conversation to loosen that grip a little. I started to answer, but he broke in: "You know, I should have gone home, but I couldn't resist coming up here and holding you in my arms a couple of dances."

Whoa, there. Slow down, bud. Let's sit out a few and talk things over. But Verne was a determined guy. We strolled over to the window.

"See that big yellow job down on the parking lot? That's mine. Like it? Sure is a sweet baby. It's just about paid for, too."

Verne hoped my "feud" with my husband (that's the story I made up to cover up for having my wedding ring on) wouldn't end soon.

In fact, he sort of hoped I'd never get over it.

Next: "You say your name's Helen? Hey, that's a coincidence. That was my third wife's name—no, the second one, I believe. It's hard to keep them straight in your mind after the fifth or sixth."

(More tomorrow)

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS—

Presbyterian committee heads named

Major committee appointments were announced today by Dr. David John Donnan, moderator of the California Presbyterian Synod, as its 99th annual state conference opened at Occidental college.

New chairmen include: The Rev. Graydon McClellan, Santa Rosa, bills and overtures committee; the Rev. Paul J. Goodwin, San Jose, policy; the Rev. Gordon MacInnes, Wilmington, nominations, and the Rev. Joseph Ewing, Santa Barbara, judicial business.

Dr. Donnan, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Santa Monica, succeeds Dr. Donald G. Stewart.

Major business expected to be voted upon today was a plan for reorganization of the California Synod.

A committee led by the Rev. C. Warren Van Camp of Modesto will recommend that the synod be split into three divisions—southern, central and northern.

The office of state clerk, now held by a minister in addition to his pastorate, would be made a full-time position if the resolution passes. The new clerk would head all three divisions.

Dr. Donnan said he would appoint as vice moderator the Rev. Richard G. Irving, pastor of No. Long Beach Community Presbyterian church.

Nationally advertised brands of used television sets and radios are now available at greatly reduced prices in the Daily News Classified Want Ad section.

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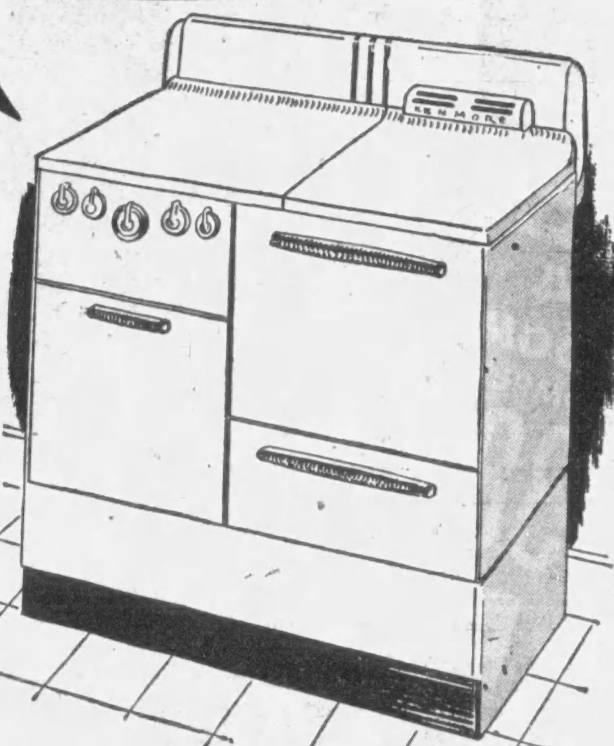
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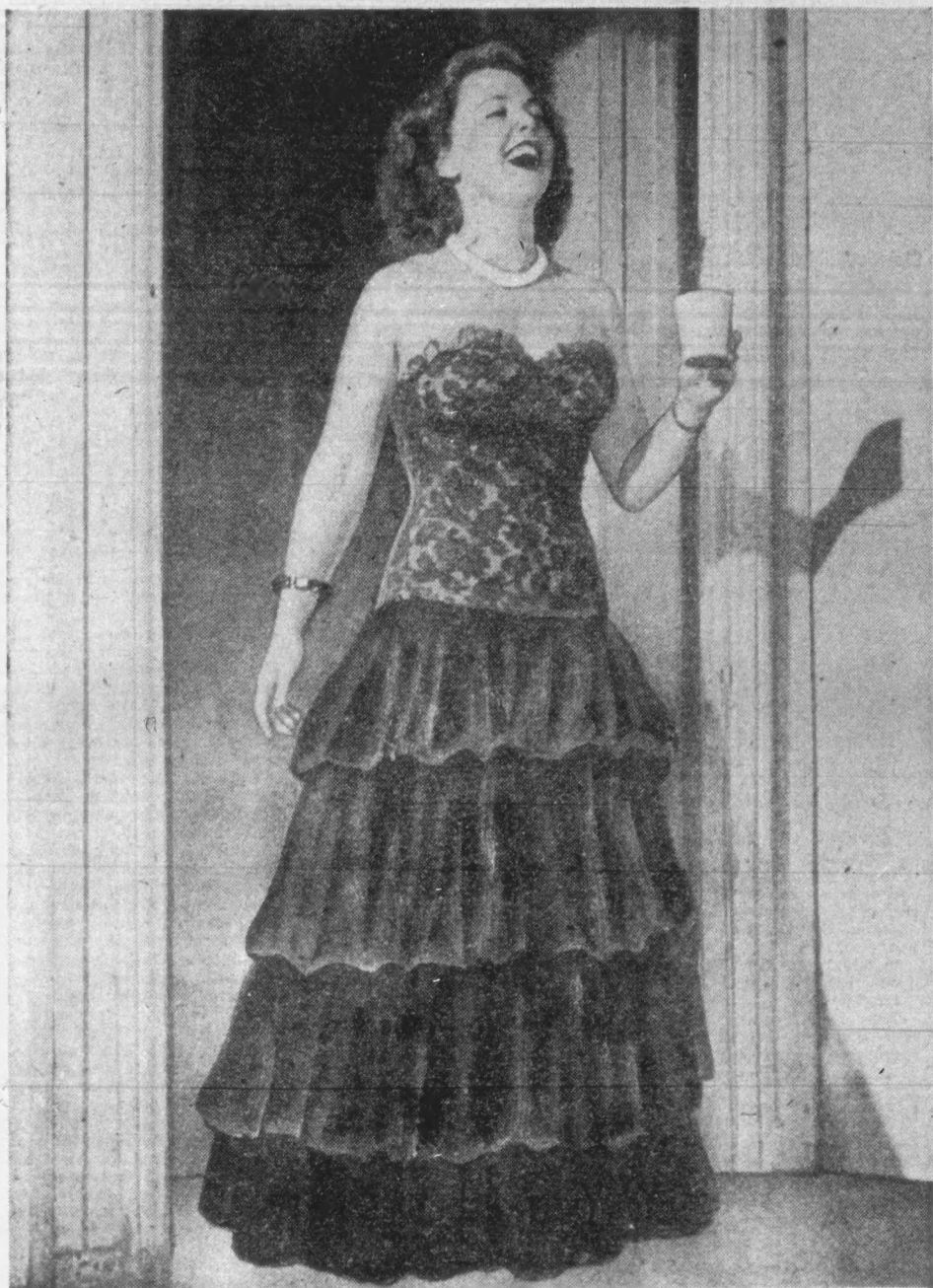
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I WAS A TAXI DANCER



"AM I THE SAME GAL WHO ASKED THE CITY EDITOR, 'WHAT IS A TAXI DANCER?'"
Daily News photographer Helen Brush wound up a week of dancing with \$37.70



THAT GOING-HOME MUSIC IS SWEET MUSIC TO DANCERS AT 2 IN THE MORNING
But the fellows get just as romantic at 8 p.m.—they're paying for it

(This is the last in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partners' ears. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Roseland Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered. —Ed. note.)

By HELEN BRUSH
as told to
PAUL WEEKS

Verne, it wouldn't do you any good to get serious about me. I'm sorry to have to tell you this way, but, you see, you didn't show up at the Roseland Roof the last night I worked as a taxi dancer. There was no chance to explain.

But by now, if you've been reading these articles in the Daily News this week, you know that I'm in newspaper work and not a switchboard gal telling everybody I became a taxi dancer "when I lost my job."

Verne isn't your real name either, but you've guessed by now that the "Verne" in these stories is you. I had to use fictitious names for the other customers and the other girls, too, for obvious reasons.

And the story I told everyone at the Roseland that my husband and I were separated was just a story.

You were the only one in a week of partners, Verne, who seemed to get really serious; and I tried to stop it because you're a pretty nice guy. Oh, lots of guys tried to make dates, told me, "Where have you been all my life?" and that sort of thing.

But they were looking for thrills, not a wife.

So that's about it. Or are you waiting for this to end on a real, dreamy, romantic note?

Look. Contrary to the way it was back in high school, the men get just as romantic at 8 p.m. as they do at 1:45 in the morning in a taxi dance hall.

They figure this way. They're paying for it. Every minute counts.

"Look, baby, I'm having just a little party out at the house for some of the girls after work tonight. This is only the first time I've danced with you, but I'd like to know you better."

Ray was a plump, greasy character. Wasted no time.

"Aw, you're just a youngster, sweet stuff. There won't be any funny business at my place. You ride out with some of the other girls. I got a houseful of guests out there now but I got a little bored. Had to come down here."

"No monkeyshines at all. Just good, clean fun and a few drinks. You'll like the kind of company I keep. All pretty regular guys. Good members of the community. Heck, a little stuffy, if anything."

"Listen, honey, the time you can start worrying is if I ever get you out to the apartment alone."

I told Ray thanks a lot, but no, thanks. I had another date.

A date with an innerspring mattress on which to lay these weary bones after a night of this.

Am I the same gal who a week before all this asked the city editor, "What is a taxi dancer? Is she sort of like a B girl?"

Here this story is running out and I've forgotten Bob. Excuse me, Bob. A week isn't long enough in the dance hall hostess business



—Daily News photos by Old Brush.

YES, YOU'RE ON YOUR FEET A LOT IN THIS JOB
But, trouble is, too many other people are on them, too

to find out what makes the Bobs a deep experience, I don't plan to go around making any boasts that "I was a Los Angeles Taxi Dancer."

"Glad to know you Miss . . . Miss . . ."

"Just say Helen."

His name was Bob Jennings. He was a Wayne Morse-type Republican, read New Yorker magazine, had a hobby of collecting miniature railroad trains, had a master's degree from California, loved his mother dearly (a school teacher), liked to play tennis, liked to dance.

I guess he's the sort of fellow who can't find anybody else to listen to him, so he pays somebody to do it—and I was getting paid so I listened.

Now don't get the idea I have any objections to the intellectual type. But what the heck is he doing, going to a taxi dance hall to expound his ideas on philosophy, politics and so on to a ballroom hostess?

I don't get it.

Well, we've arrived at no moral to this story, no summation. I have intended none. While it was

Final score:
I danced 896 dances or almost 15 hours worth. I got paid \$42.15 for five nights' work after a few deductions were made for some reason. My take home pay was \$37.70.

I wore down a pair of sandals under the strain. My ears still ring with the hot tunes, the slow tunes, the blare of a dance a minute. The orchestra, really, was good—but small. It was six pieces. But the musicians couldn't keep up a pace like that all the time.

First, three pieces would play, then another three pieces, then the whole combination.

"Mid pleasures and palaces . . . Good night, sweetheart, 'til we meet tomorrow . . . Show me the way to go home . . . It's three o'clock in the morning . . ."

Such sweet music. That going-home music.

(The end)

Leopold back on throne, defies foes

BRUSSELS, Belgium, July 22.—(UP)—King Leopold, ringed by guns, bayonets and armored cars, returned home from five years of exile today and told his bitterly divided country the throne is his and he means to keep it.

The king's address to the nation—part of which regards him as a traitor because he became a German hostage during the war—was firm but conciliatory.

The 49-year-old ruler appealed to all factions to forget their differences. He said that in any event a king is "an advisor placed

above the fights of parties." "Whatever new trials the future may impose upon us—this role will be mine," he said.

The king returned to a grim and heavily-guarded city to reclaim the throne after five years of exile in Switzerland. He landed at Evere airfield outside Brussels this morning and was taken under armed escort to Laeken Palace.

His six-minute broadcast to the nation was recorded in Flemish and French. As he spoke, his Socialist opponents were preparing to call a general strike Monday.

Nine Socialist members of the council of state, a 28-man body which advises the king, resigned in advance of a meeting called by Leopold for this afternoon. The council meets only in national emergencies. It has been called

into session only twice before in 120 years.

At the same time, the six Liberal members of the council announced they would advise the king to abdicate in favor of bespectacled Crown Prince Baudouin, 19, who accompanied his father back from Switzerland.

Thus, more than half the council members either had resigned or otherwise made known their opposition to Leopold's continuance on the throne.

The Socialists called a mass demonstration in the heart of Brussels this afternoon. Minor scuffles between supporters and opponents of the king already had been reported.

But the party said it might have to postpone the demonstration if

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 6)

Offer new contracts to UC dissidents

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—(UP)—Special faculty contracts were readied today for 39 members of the University of California Academic Senate who refused to sign a non-Communist loyalty statement.

In a turbulent three and one-half hour session last night, the university's Board of Regents voted 10 to 9 to offer the new contracts to the non-signers, but whether the decision settled the school's long-drawn-out loyalty controversy remained in doubt.

A last minute motion by regent John Francis Neyland made it necessary for the vote to be reconsidered at the Aug. 25 meeting of the board. Two absent regents are expected to attend the next meeting and their votes could reverse the decision.

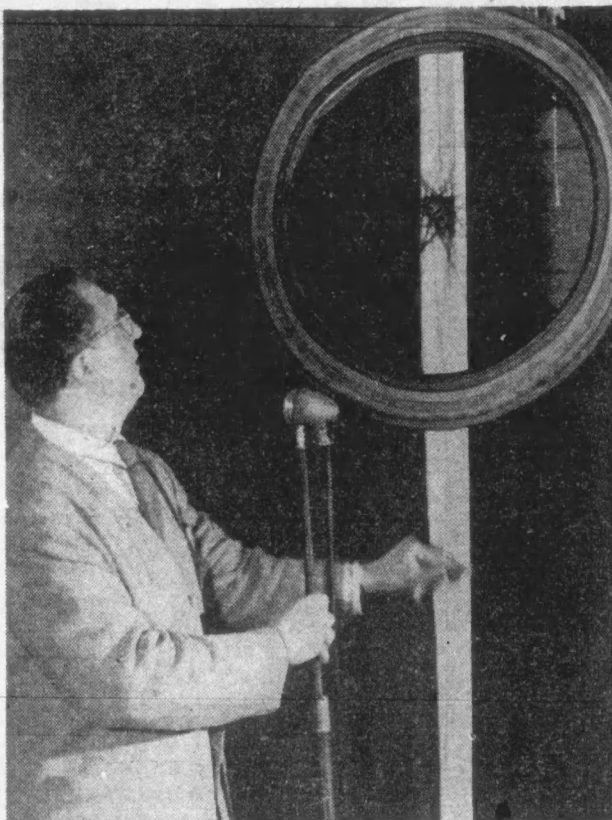
Gov. Earl Warren decided the verbal battle yesterday when he cast the final vote which broke the nine-all deadlock.

Robert W. Underhill, secretary of the Board of Regents, said he is the man who mails the contracts, and that he is going to send them to approved faculty members as soon as the forms are ready for signatures.

The professors have steadfastly refused to sign contracts disavowing Communist party affiliations. They asserted that such a statement would lead to restrictions in their academic freedom.

A special faculty committee has approved their objections to the contractual demands. The new contracts, as approved by the re-

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BAND LEADER GEORGE COSTA SPINS THE WHEEL
Girl whose number hits gets free tickets for partner